

# THE O M E N Z

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## The Omen Special Jar Jar Binks Appreciation Issue

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"Little kids  
should write  
more hate  
mail."

Quote Attributed to  
Michelle Beach

## Submit to us ...

**T**he *Omen* accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire community. **We won't edit anything you write** (unless it's for spelling or grammar), as long as you're willing to **be responsible for what you say** (sign your real NAME). Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours, is just not an option in this forum.

**Submissions can include anything involving the Hampshire community** and are due on Wednesday nights at 8 PM. **Submit to Michael Pierce** (C-411, box 916). If you're interested in writing regularly, talk to Jacob Chabot (B-308, x4445). **We prefer submissions on disk** — IBM or high density Mac — but hard copy is okay. Label your stuff well and it will get back to you.

Also, every Tuesday following the release of an issue is the official *Omen* meeting in the Airport Lounge at 9:30 PM. We will discuss important topics like the upcoming issue and the ever-prevalent dawn of the Planet of the Apes.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, first born, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and **your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times**. What better way to be heard?

The *Omen* is a completely **nonpartisan** forum for expression. The views and opinions expressed in this publication are those of the authors' alone.



## The Human Speaks! An Editorial

by Jacob Chabot

**T**he problem about talking about current events in this editorial, is that by the time you read this everybody's moved on to something else. We've had two all community meetings in the last couple of weeks and I wanted to talk about them before everybody forgets.

Well, well, well. It looks like if you want to get the mods involved in the community, threaten to take away their mods. Normally, all community meetings are attended by a dozen or so people who happened to walk by and had nothing better to do. This time, there were over a hundred people. Most of them from the mods. **Most of them a tad upset about the restructuring of the housing policy. Some even had nothing better to do and made signs.**

This proposed policy was to put all of the mods up for lottery at the end of the year. It makes sense, everybody has to move out then anyway. Why not give everybody a fair crack at getting into a mod? If the mods weren't as permanent, they'd become less of a status symbol (See previous editorial, "Dorm Rat Rant"). Hell, it may even improve community by meshing dorm life and mod life together. Unfortunately, things get a little messy when you think about things like the mandatory meal plan and the fact that the dorms aren't as self-sufficient as the mods. The whole point is moot now anyway seeing as how somebody called every mod the night before and rallied them up while the dorms got a few scattered posters

that said "Sick of Living in the Dorms." Therefore, the sides were a little unbalanced.

Retention was also a subject of the meeting. Reportedly, on a good semester, Hampshire retains sixty percent of the student body. Normal schools retain more around eighty percent or more. Face it, we're not doing so hot. According to several people present, this is due to things like incompetent advisors who don't know or don't care enough to tell you what you should be doing. Not very good practice for someone who should be giving advice. Also, despite the fact Hampshire prides itself on allowing you to create your own major, if you don't quite fit into anything that the faculty is interested in, you'll be pushed in a direction more suited to their taste. And for the same inflated price one could go to a better school that is taken more seriously, and this place is falling apart, and the bureaucracy keeps messing up paperwork, and we have a lack of school spirit, decreasing financial aid, not enough faculty in areas like the arts and computers, and so on.

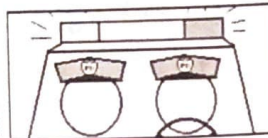
Safety was another issue discussed. For some reason, students just don't feel safe on this campus. They want things like more lights on campus and more information. Apparently, the mass e-mailings and mailings don't reach people. They all want to be told things personally, like that there are escorts available and have been for quite some time. They can't go out and find this information out themselves, no, no, no. If someone hadn't tried to take away their mods, then they probably still wouldn't know. It was also revealed at this time that if someone gets a petition signed by fifty students, then we have to hold an all community meeting. Next thing you know, there are a half dozen

## All Community Whatzit?

petitions going around, trying to have more meetings that probably won't be attended by even as many people who signed them. I've said it before and I'll say it again, Hampshire students will get all uppity about any little cause. I guess it gives them something to do.

Which brings us to the last meeting concerning safety and the recent rapes and assaults. Whether this meeting is the result of one of those petitions or just general concern, I don't know. What I do know is that everybody is getting a little paranoid. Yes, taking preemptive steps to prevent this from happening on our campus is a good idea. We've been lucky nothing has happened on our campus so far. But, nothing *has* happened on our campus so far. We go to college in the middle of nowhere. Locking the doors around the clock isn't going to make people safer. It will, however, increase the amount of lockouts and serve to further isolate everybody. I don't think lighting up the whole campus is a good idea either. It's nighttime in the woods people, it's supposed to be dark. Welcome to nature. Want public safety to be constantly patrolling campus? Don't cry then when the number of drug and alcohol busts goes up as well. I think all of these things are just going to make people feel *less* safe. And when somebody at the meeting speaks up and warns us not to go overboard, he's attacked from all sides! I wouldn't have been surprised if they accused him of rape and strung him up right there! Relax people, Hampshire's crime rate is nothing compared to UMass. Don't go losing your heads.

Oh well. In another few weeks everybody will have lost interest and move on to something else any-  
**O** way.



# POLICE LOG!

## November 2 – November 8

### Disturbance

Nov. 2, 12:42 a.m.: Dakin; noise complaint.  
Nov. 4, 11:40 p.m.: Greenwich; loud music – quiet upon arrival.  
Nov. 5, 2:45 a.m.: Greenwich; loud music – lowered.  
Nov. 6, 2:04 a.m.: Dakin; kids causing trouble at bike rack – gone on arrival.  
Nov. 6, 8:40 p.m.: Cole Science Center; Greenwich; noise complaint.  
Nov. 7, 11:00 p.m.: Tennis Court; female yelling – gone on arrival.

### Vandalism

Nov. 2, 6:47 p.m.: Bus Stop-E/W Bound; sign spray-painted.  
Nov. 2, 7:14 p.m.: Merrill/Dakin Lot; spray-painted tow-zone sign.  
Nov. 3, 6:15 p.m.: Physical Plant; graffiti on back door of moving van.

### Weapons

Nov. 8, 9:25 p.m.: Main Campus; students walking with toy rifles used in movie.

### Safety Hazard

Nov. 6, 7:15 a.m.: Art Village; broken glass.

### Maintenance

Nov. 6, 4:32 a.m.: Enfield; trouble alarm.  
Nov. 6, 5:12 a.m.: Enfield; trouble alarm – malfunction.  
Nov. 7, 12:18 p.m.: Enfield; trouble alarm – unknown.

### Miscellaneous

Nov. 4, 6:40 p.m.: Prescott; crowd keeping students out of laundry room.  
Nov. 7, 7:00 p.m.: Farm Center; destroyed compost pile.

### Fire Alarm

Nov. 3, 7:45 a.m.: Prescott; no info at this time.  
Nov. 3, 6:18 p.m.: Merrill; cooking smoke – reset.  
Nov. 3, 6:30 p.m.: Dakin; pull station – reset.  
Nov. 5, 1:43 p.m.: Merrill; no info at this time.  
Nov. 8, 6:55 p.m.: Merrill; pull station.

### Safety Hazard/ Maintenance Matter

Nov. 4, 12:15 p.m.: Prescott; window out opposite mod 80.

### Motor Vehicle Tow

Nov. 2, 7:15 p.m.: Merrill/Dakin Lot; tow-zone/lawn violations.  
Nov. 3, 1:28 a.m.: Prescott Tavern; fire lane violation.

### Unwanted Persons

Nov. 5, 11:05 a.m.: Johnson Library Center; female – could not find.

### Intrusion Alarm

Nov. 6, 4:50 a.m.: CSC; accidental.

### Assault/Simple

Nov. 7, 3:45 p.m.: RCC; no info at this time.

### Special Service/ Transport

Nov. 7, 11:15 p.m.: FPH to Greenwich; missing keys – transported back to apt.

### Other Offenses

Nov. 4, 1:29 p.m.: Prescott; no info at this time.

### Fire

Nov. 7, 5:45 p.m.: EDH; no info at this time.

## Like HUAC Without the Charm



by Michelle Beach

The Housing Advisory Committee (HAC), of which I have been a member for the past two years, has recently been discussing the possibility of a campus wide lottery. This idea was proposed last year by a student and since then the committee has been seeking opinions on its merit. However, as implementing such an idea would mean drastic changes to the current system, it was decided not to spend time figuring out the details of implementing a proposal we weren't sure if there was support for.

The positive points of the proposal, as discussed by HAC, include the ability to more truly control who you live with and the ability for older students to have a better chance of living in the mods. Among the negative aspects of this are the lack of guarantee that all mod students, especially younger ones, will remain in the mods, and the lack of guarantee that you would be able to live in the mod of your choice, even if you were already living there.

Although HAC did not spend a great deal of time discussing the details of implementation, it was decided that the entire campus would be lotteried, this includes halls, that the number of names needed on the lottery form would correspond to the number of beds in the mod/hall, and that the lottery would be weighted. There would also be some concessions made for special interest housing.

Propaganda postering drew mod residents to the All Community Meeting held a few weeks ago. There it became apparent that many students are uninformed as to how housing happens here and that most mod residents are against the proposal.

Another meeting was held a few days latter which not very many people attended. Again mod residents outnumbered those from the dorms and it still remained clear that those mod residents in attendance were against the proposal.

Because of this, **HAC has decided to suspend discussion of a campus wide lottery for the present time.**

Since the meetings, HAC has received several suggestions and proposals. Much of what has been suggested in them has been considered or done in the past. However this is not to say that HAC will not continue discussion of them. One of the proposals is to make the dorms more like the mods by increasing meal plan flexibility. HAC has discussed this in the past and, after discussions with Doug Martin, it was determined that any increase to meal plan flexibility for dorm residents means some form of (lowered) mandatory meal plan for mod residents. It is also felt strongly by many HAC members and other members of the administration that the mod lottery is a good thing and doing away with combine and squat would mean the loss of a lottery. This has been done in the past with disastrous results.

The last meeting of the Housing Advisory Committee for the semester will be on Thursday December 2 at 3:00pm in the Housing Office. At this meeting we will be discussing agenda items for next semester. Ideas suggested so far include discussing the master plan for the campus building and how this will effect housing; cleanliness and deferred

maintenance; and, of course, we will be continuing discussions of how to make the room choosing process more effective and looking more closely at the proposals and suggestions received.

If there is anything you would like to see discussed next semester, please come to the meeting or contact Linda Mollison, the Housing Coordinator. Many decisions are made by the committee and often go into effect without further discussion; those that are larger are taken to Community Council or other administrative types before implementing. It is important to have as much input as possible before going ahead with something. Attending these meetings gives you direct influence over decisions about housing on this campus.

On a completely unrelated housing note: The policy regarding mods that lose quorum after the combine and squat deadline was discussed by HAC last semester. Information regarding it was included with the other housing information sent out to students that semester. This policy was designed to encourage students to make timely leave decisions. There is no reason that this should ever effect anyone. If there is any chance that someone on a combine and squat form may not be returning, add an extra name. If a combine and squat form for a six person mod comes in with five names on it, two of them have to disappear before the mod will be lost. HAC is aware that the mod is being "punished" for the actions of one and spent a great deal of time discussing this aspect of the policy. Despite this, it was determined that the policy had merit and would be implemented.

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY AND MCCOY THE DUCK

by Jacob Chabot





## SECTION MOPE!

by Wade Stuckwisch

I hit me this morning like a slap in the face, so obvious to everyone else for so long, and I was the only one who couldn't see it. You always become the thing you hate the most. I have become a bitter older student.

When I came to Hampshire, I made a solemn vow to myself that when I graduated I would not be bitter. Every older student I ran into was bitter about something relating to their Hampshire experience. Every older student I know now is bitter about Hampshire. Except me. I may be bitter, but I am not bitter about Hampshire.

Admittedly, Hampshire's been good to me. I got lucky trying to get into a lot of classes. What I wanted to do usually ran at least loosely parallel to what my professors wanted. But at the same time, I made a concerted effort not to be bitter about the things I didn't like. And it worked. In fact, I think 99% of all bitter older students at Hampshire are a bunch of goddam fucking crybaby whiners. Why? Because all of them are bitter over stupid things. Most of them had these pie-in-the-sky ideals about their education and exactly what they wanted everyone else to do for them. Then when they found out that they aren't the center of the universe like they thought and they can't bend reality to conform to their will, they just couldn't deal. Many of them probably just plain went to the wrong school for reasons of money or lack of forethought or research. The rest of them just had

one or two little things go wrong and dwelled on those things until they became these big deal things in their head. Bingo. There ya go. You got your bitter older student in a nutshell right there.

Hey you. Yeah you, fucker. No, not you. The bitter older student giggling to yourself over the new *Omen*—you. Shall we count your blessings, right now? You are going to college. Don't think for a minute that everybody gets to do that. You are going to an expensive, semi-prestigious private college, not UMass or Greenfield Community or somewhere like that. You get to study pretty much whatever the hell you want, as long as what you want isn't completely stupid and you're willing to be a little flexible. You don't have to pick a pre-determined course of study or a major to wedge yourself into. You don't have required classes. Yeah, maybe your advisor or committee head wants you to take some class you don't really want to take (god forbid they might know better than you!) but it's not like you need it in your permanent record to graduate. You have the resources available of not one, not two, but five fucking colleges, including two of the more prestigious schools in the country. You don't have any grades, for crap's sake. You go to a glorified summer camp of a college and you get the same BA that you would get at any other college in the end. You are a lucky sonofabitch so SHUT THE FUCK UP about all your little problems. Thank you.

So why am I bitter? I didn't even think about how bitter I was until about an hour ago, when it hit

## You Should All be Ashamed

me in a hungover haze, listening to some kid in SAGA talking about how he was so sure that this time, even though it's been being protested since my mom was in college, they were really going to close the School Of The Americas. It hit me as I was considering walking over and telling the guy, "Look, it ain't gonna happen, and if it does it wasn't because of you." Over the past four years, I've done a really good job of teaching myself not to care. **I knew that I was never going to have every dream come true. I tried really hard to be happy pushing the big stone uphill.** I said, shit happens, people are stupid and life sucks. Then I tried to be happy just by knowing I was right. It almost worked. It worked right up until this morning.

Now suddenly, everything feels like I'm walking out of a 22-year bender into a 60-or-so-year hangover. I'm bitter.

You know what did it? Do you know what finally made me bitter? It was the little things. All the little, unimportant things. They finally built up into one big thing. You go through life and there's one little thing you want that you can't have, and one day it becomes the most important thing in the world, just because you can't have it. And there I am: Room B-307, Merrill House, Hampshire College, 1999. Hampshire didn't make me bitter. Life made me bitter.



## The Only Thing That Really Worried Me Was the Ether. Or Is That Hunter S. Thompson's Line?

By Tequila "Keely" Flynn

I have this friend. We'll affectionately refer to him as JEFFREY HINCKLEY. He's a good guy, don't get me wrong—he simply has this affliction that I like to call a slight attachment. To me. It's not that he's unable to function on his own, he just likes to coexist with me. On my side of the United States. As much as possible.

I made the unfortunate mistake of inviting him to spend the weekend at a college—namely this one—thinking that I've spent my quality time, made the effort to show that I cared, etc., etc. Wrong. Did I mention that he thinks we've got this symbiotic thing going on? Like, he calls me and I pick up the phone. But I didn't plan on him liking it here. A lot. So much, in fact, that he decided to transfer here from a big city that I might dare to suggest has a bigger nightlife than that of Amherst, Massachusetts. But maybe he likes the small, idyllic surroundings that the Valley has to offer. Perhaps I'm just being cynical in suggesting that he's trekking across the country for me and me alone. What the fuck. No. He's coming here because of me.

Simulated conversation:

K.F.: Hey, JEFFREY HINCKLEY, are you transferring from BLAH BLAH school to Hampshire because of me?

J.H.: Yes.

I just ended a lengthy phone conversation with the boy not five minutes ago. He raved about how well he thinks his interview went, how his application

packet is hella cool, yo, and that he can't wait to live with me. Wha...? Does he really expect that once he arrives we'll purchase a quaint little bungalow in the hills and make bebbies? I didn't want to break his sweet heart, so when he inquired if I currently had a boyfriend or not, I replied Yes, three. But I still think that he expects me to be single when he arrives. I'll see what I can do.

**On a totally unrelated, narcissistic note, it took me a good twenty minutes to pick out the font to type this in.** I highlighted my name and went through the millions of cutesy fonts before deciding on one and then returning to my original choice.

The important thing here is not the fact that I couldn't decide on a font, it's that my name looks good in **each and every one of them!** It occurred to me that my name is terribly cute the more I stare at it.

I summoned a well-known *Omen* writer to check this fantastic bit o' joy out for himself—he was duly unimpressed. Yeah, well, he was just jealous 'cause his name didn't have the same ring to it—I can just hear his train of thought now: Gee, I wish my name would appear more cutesy... I suck. My name's only an adverb...and sometimes an adjective if I'm lucky. But it's not cutesy. I repeat—I must truly suck.

Back to JEFFREY.

He actually had the balls to be perturbed when I reminded him of my imminent departure to London—like, in a year.

K.F.: So, I'm still going to London—like, in a year.

J.H.: How could you leave me like this?

K.F.: They offered me lotsa money?

J.H.: What am I supposed to do?

K.F.: (thinks) Get a real job, stop emailing me, get an offline girlfriend, move outta your mother's house, and grow the fuck up? (says) It's okay, doll...I'll email you.

Perhaps I do coddle the boy too much and let him think that it's socially acceptable to be entirely dependent on someone for daily affirmations—i.e. No sweetie, someday you **will** stop gaming and will find a real hobby.

I did.

That same pissy *Omen* writer who didn't agree with my font/cute name revelation wonders why the hell I even spend time with this co-dependent, often jealous, long-distance friend. Simple. I think that certain friendships define you. The more people that stalk and adore me, the more pictures I tack onto my door. The more photos on my door, the more that people wonder if my opinion of myself is really that high. The more they wonder, the more they conclude that they should also hold me highly. The more they do that, the more play I get. Or stalkers.

But is there truly a difference?





## Wilder Digs Women, Reverse Statistically Improbable

by J. Wilder Konschak

**T**here are girls in my hall! Isn't that cool? There are girls in my bathroom! That rocks! The majority of my friends are female! How rad is that? Now, I'm sure this is not unique — the survey says at Hampshire females far out number males — but I think I take special pleasure in this situation. There's nothing I like better than a pretty coed living next door. And, about once a month, it gets all the better.

The thing is, I don't know if you've noticed this, but ladies have this odd tendency to go entirely crazy about once every full moon. This isn't a rule—but it's certainly a tendency. My hall, thanks to the wonders of human biology, goes into a grand, synchronized form of lunacy. Every few weeks, it's like the circus is coming to town. Stuff starts flying, there's screaming, and singing, and lots of weird foods. Yet, I'll be honest, to me, this fully female phenomenon is quite endearing, quite exciting, makes life unpredictable and fun. **In fact, I honestly adore moody, menstrual women more than the stable variety.**

I realize this is probably just my own weird delight, I've never heard any other male mention loving women during that special, happy time. Of course, I love crazy people in general. And, besides, I have the mind set and the method to get the most out of that pivotal stage of the cycle.

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Two words: Midol and Chocolate.

I didn't say three words, because "and" is really unimportant.

In this stale, civilized land, there are few opportunities to truly prove that one is an exceptional, valuable, and brave male. I can't remember the last time I was asked to fight off an invading horde of barbarians, or forced to kill a 12-headed vicious hydra, like my grandfather always got to do. No, usually, the greatest threats I'm called to face consist of moving icky bugs (without killing them), opening jars (without cursing), and taking personal responsibility for birth control (without making pouty faces). Life is just too simple.

However, thankfully, once a month, true ordeals present themselves—true obstacles to overcome. For example—bravely driving to town in my manly truck, and proudly purchasing Midol, Baby Ruths, Cranberry Juice, Pickles, and Tampons (with a dollar off for my Stop&Shop card), all without getting even a drop of sex in return. In fact, most often, all for getting a lamp thrown at my head. Then a hug. Then a kick in the groin. Then a kiss on the cheek. Then a request for a massage. Then a ear-splitting "DON'T TOUCH ME!"

Ah . . . how I love women. No sarcasm there. I fucking love them. And vice-versa. Oh yes, oh yes, I do love my angels. Even when "all's quiet on the menstrual front," if I go to the mall with my male pizanos, I'm sure to stock up on PMS tea.

"Why are you buying PMS

tea, dude?" they ask.

"Dude, because there are hot chicks on my hall!"

"They aren't hot if they need PMS tea, dude!" they shout.

**Then I grab them by their noses and pull their heads off.**

"Ha ha!"

Of course, I must say, in defense of my headless friends, I know exactly why all men don't adopt this senseless affection. Simply, it gets me nowhere. Though I may be well-loved and in-demand during the time of turmoil, when it's all over, I am virtually abandoned, and maybe even a little embarrassing, since I've seen them at their "worst." Alas, my research shows, during the flaming biological frenzy, the ladies aren't especially looking to get laid—even if some of them are wonderfully snuggly. Few relationships grow from long talks over tampons.

Thus, I admit, my love for the wild ways of women under the influence of their whacky wombs is particularly pointless and not at all productive or reproductive. It's a genetic experiment gone wrong. As I always say, "kindness couldn't get a chromosome across the hall with a handcart," and this bizarre kindness is no exception. Like my preacher always said, "Nice guys finish last. So let's go fuck shit up!" In the big scheme of Darwinian survival, it's a waste of time, money, and care, because in the end, the assholes still win.

*continued on next page*

## Sdrawkca- Ssab

by Michael "Benni" Pierce

**I**t was true: the ending was always the beginning. I could feel my identity slipping away as my body fell into unconsciousness. ZZZZZ! The fifth shock. ZZZZZ! The fourth shock. ZZZZZ!

"So I'm a guinea pig for the government now?"

"Do you think you would be here if it was?"

"Is that possible?" Silence.

"If you must know, I am attempting to erase your memory, piece by piece."

"What are you doing to me?"

"However, here, you are subject to the laws of science as well. Ah, yes, by virtue of the law, you do have rights, my dear man.

"But I have rights."

"But that's exactly what you are."

"I will not be treated like an animal."

No response. "Excuse me?"

"What I'm doing is not important."

"But I don't know what he's doing."

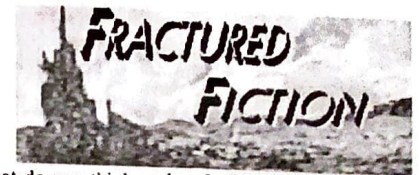
"I'm sure he knows what he's doing . . . Honey, let the doctor do his job." Instead, the woman who had brought me here stood up. He didn't respond.

*continued from previous page*

But it makes me happy.

So, if a lovely lady finds herself needing a big, warm hug about once every 28 days or so, or maybe some tea and a little Midol and Chocolate, she should know where to find Dr. Wilder. He'll be sitting in his room, checking off the days before C4-hall's next big event.

PS: Point of order. A certain female *Omen* author insulted me in her article. Though I would usually rebut, saying something painfully witty like, "No Keely, YOU suck," I will refrain from such banter. I just bought her some chocolate, so she'll be less crabby once it starts working.



"Just what do you think you're doing? I asked you a question Dr. Green."

He didn't answer. "What do you think you're doing?"

But when the third shock hit, my skull began to flash, "Tilt." The second shock wasn't much worse. The first shock didn't bother me.

**The feeling of impending doom was turning into a feeling of utter despair.** He smiled and walked away. Then I looked down at him. I looked up at it. He placed it on my head. He was not holding what looked to be a metal headband. My volcano was beginning to grow active again when Dr. Green came back over. She blew a kiss at me, then licked her lips. I looked over at the woman who had brought me here.

He almost seemed impressed for a moment, then stepped away to scribble in his notebook. Years of steroids had helped create such a masculine form. He told me to take off my shirt, which I did, revealing my well-built upper body.

He never mentioned what he needed it for, but I immediately felt like a rat trapped in a maze

where I might be poked and prodded at every turn. He didn't care about my mind, only my body. In his lab, Dr. Emerald Green stared at me, studying me.

Maybe I had already asked too many questions. He said only what needed to be heard. She knew nothing more, and told me never to question him about it. Dr. Green, she informed me, was involved in top-secret government work. The man she introduced me to was named Dr. Emerald Green.

I didn't know what, but already I had agreed to go with her. She needed me for something. After the explosion, all that was left was a smile on my face and a feeling of impending doom on my mind. Her eyes had been the color of ash and her hair smelled of flour and smoke, but her lips had been powerful enough to cause my volcano to burst. Maybe that's why I decided to trust her. The blowjob had been magnificent . . .

Alone. Awake. I? This place. Where? Why? How? What am I? What happened to me? Me? Awake. Alone. Scared. No meaning. No being. Why? Why me? Wait—a form. A meaning? Listen to what he says . . . he is the new teacher.

"Sir, yes Sir!"

## Midol and Chocolate



SECTION

HATE!

# Burn in Hell

by Michelle Beach

Author's note: Somewhere else in this issue is an article I wrote containing factual information about the Housing Advisory Committee and other such housing issues. This is not that article. What follows are my opinions on the events that have happened over the semester, particularly the past few weeks, and are not the opinions of the committee.

There has been a great deal of discussion about a campus wide lottery recently. The Housing Advisory Committee began discussing this idea last semester. Recently it was brought up at an all community meeting.

At this meeting, postering and phone calls threatening the loss of mods drew mod residents out of their homes. Dorm residents saw posters as well, but many dorm students are younger (and therefore less informed) and the posters presented the proposed lottery in a positive light. Because of this, very few attended.

As a dorm student at the meeting, I felt very uncom-

fortable speaking up. Any time something was contradictory to the majority (mod resident) opinion, it wasn't heard and immediately crushed. The same thing happened at the less attended meeting held a few days later.

Having talked with many older students living in the dorms most of them are in favor of an all mod lottery. Most younger dorm students are in favor of it as well (when the process is explained). Many dorm and mod residents that are not in favor of an all mod lottery are in favor of its goals.

As a lifetime dorm resident, from the time I came here I wanted to live in the mods. I have lotteried for a mod every time there has been a lottery and never won. I admit to having never interviewed. This is because most of my close friends live in the dorms and it was more important for me to live near them than in a mod with strangers. A campus wide lottery would have increased my chances of doing this in a mod.

But, no one seemed to want to listen to me or the people like me. You see, because we are not in the majority, we do not exist (unless it has to do with feeling safe when the minority rules—which is an entirely different issue).

A common complaint on this campus is that no one knows what's going on.

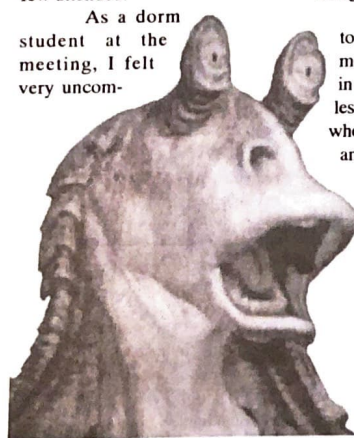
HAC would love to have more people come to meetings and has tried everything to advertise. But no one comes. Also discussed much too often was how to get people informed about the changes and issues. It seems that stuffing mail boxes doesn't work because people throw everything away without a glance; postering doesn't work because no one reads them. **Are we supposed to call every student on the campus personally and inform them of the changes and invite them to the meetings?** Fuck that. There are 1100 of you out there. You should get off your asses and get informed yourselves if you care to. Read the shit placed in your mailboxes, don't assume that your know what it says. Glance at the posters now and again. You might actually learn something of interest.

It seems to be a Hampshire syndrome that students are lazy and want everything spoon fed to them. As an informed member of the campus, I wasn't spoon fed and it's not my job to do that to you. I learned about everything I needed to on my own, it shouldn't be too difficult for you to do the same.

Even after we try everything to attract interest, no one cares. But as soon as something controversial or against popular opinion shows up, there is a spurt of interest. As uninformed as Hampshire

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Yousa thinkin' mesa suck? Daah! Fuck yousa den!



## HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE APPLICATION 2000 PART A

(Experts from Jar Jar Binks' application for admission. Assembled by the Omen staff.)

Legal name: Binks Jar Jar Are there female Gungans?  
LAST/FAMILY FIRST MIDDLE (COMPLETE) (JR, III, ETC.) GENDER

Permanent home address: Secret Underwater Gungan City, Naboo  
NUMBER AND STREET

If different from the above, please give your mailing address for all admission correspondence:  
Otoh Gunga, Naboo, A Galaxy Far Away

E-mail address: Jarjar\_176@lucasfilms.com

Birthdate: A long time ago Please list all countries of which you are a citizen: Otoh Gunga  
If not a United States citizen, Permanent Resident Alien number: A 2 Visa type/class: Interplanetary

Possible area(s) of academic concentration: Mesa gon' be in dace, computer graphics, political science, and mabe film

How did you initially learn about Hampshire? Mesa be getting dis pamplet witdese pictures of fuzzy things. Den Greg Prince spek to me. Hesa be wantin me on da frisbee team. Mesa not be doin' nothin' else. So mesa be sayin' okie day!

Please list some words you would use to describe yourself Bombad! Hot! Mooie Mooie!

Why do you think Hampshire might be an appropriate place for you to continue your education? Hampshire is a place where people liken you for whosa you bein. Hampshire Bombad! Poeple here no bein nota liken me chusa me clumsy or stupid, nobodysa gon be tellen me to be shuttin' up. Mesa can be doin' whatever I want! And noones be crunchin'!

### ACADEMIC HONORS

Briefly describe any scholastic distinctions or honors you have won beginning with ninth grade:  
Mesa Jar Jar Binks. Firsta, mein' be given maxbig honor of bein' bombadd General of Gungan Army. Wesa warriors! Mesa got a medal for dat!

### PLEASE SIGN

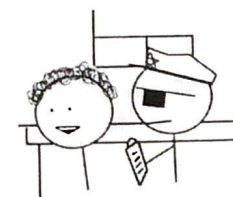
I hereby certify that all information given by me in this application is complete and true to the best of my knowledge. I further certify that all materials submitted herein and on attachments are my own work.

JAR JAR BINKS  
APPLICANT'S SIGNATURE

11/22/99  
DATE

### 'Free the little Birdie' with Chuck is Naked

By Caleb Chabot



easy and free's the way for me



by Wade Stuckwisch

**D**ogma. It's the new movie from writer/director/chain smoker Kevin Smith. I saw it and enjoyed it thoroughly, and now I'm going to tell you why. That's right: this issue I am actually writing a serious movie review.

There's a funny thing about movies about spirituality. Two funny things, actually. One is that the most famous ones always seem to be made about the Catholic church. The other is that they always get banned by the Catholic church. Take the movie *Priest* for example. I have to admit it was pretty fucking inappropriate for Miramax to release the movie on Good Friday. Yeah, the Good Friday release wouldn't have been such a big deal if the Catholic church hadn't already been raising such a big fuss about the movie at the time. But we all know Miramax—they'll do anything to sell a movie. Score one for the PR guys at Miramax. On the other hand, the movie was probably one of the most moving pictures I've ever seen about faith in the face of adver-



That Selma Hayek is making my dipstick tingle. Eh, Lunchbox?

## But I thought Kevin Smith was God . . .

sity. I think that a lot of religious people, if they had gotten past all the church's dogma about the clergy and homosexuality, could have found a lot of inspiration in it. I remember when I went to see *Priest* back at home in Buffalo (motto: The City The Pope Owns), there was one guy outside the theater asking people to not see the movie. Being the punk kid I was at the time (and actually a lot more religious to boot), I asked him if he had seen the movie. He said no, he hadn't, but there was an advisory board somewhere within the bowels of Mother Church that told him the movie was bad. **He also chose to reveal that he was a 40+ year-old virgin. I guess he really wasn't the kind of guy to open to new experiences.**

Ironically, the flyers that the guy was passing out at *Priest* mentioned *Clerks* (Kevin Smith's first movie), in the context of it being another naughty movie released by Miramax. *Clerks* is notable for having almost gotten slapped with an NC-17 purely because of its language content. Not bad for two guys jabbering in a convenience store, huh? *Clerks* also featured the first ever mention of *Dogma* at the tail of the ending credits ("Jay and Silent Bob will return in 'Dogma'." ) I guess the movie got put on the back burner while Kev was busy working on *Mallrats* (which is a very funny and underrated movie, by the way) and *Chasing Amy*, but now that Kev has the pull to get the money to take on the Pope (and take care of a couple special effects), *Dogma* has finally come to celluloid. If you're looking for another *Clerks* sort of movie with a lot of bawdy humor around a serious core, you might be disappointed. The dick jokes are scattered far and few between throughout a lot of hefty discussion about God, faith, and the dogmatic laws of the Catholic church. But man . . . when *Dogma* gets the urge to of-

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## Get a Clue, Suckwads!

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students are, they certainly like to have their say. If something happens that they don't like, they suddenly become full of ideas and proposals and energy. They complain that they should have been informed a long time ago, when they were. Maybe if they actually paid attention sometimes they would have heard about stuff. But no one ever does.

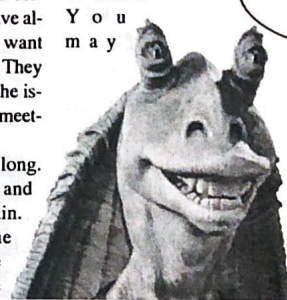
They suddenly want all of their proposals listened to and discussed, even if similar things have already been considered. They want everything to go to referendum. They want meetings held to discuss the issue—even if there were already meetings held to discuss it.

But it never lasts very long. The initiating issue goes away and the campus becomes quiet again. Students return to their same disinterested ways. No one wants to be involved for the

noncontroversial discussions.

No one wants to listen to experience. Instead of listening to people who have experienced these things before, Hampshire students like to try things for themselves. In some cases this is fine and good for learning. But sometimes you have to suck it up and listen to what other's have to say. Listening every once in a while could actually be useful.

Y o u  
m a y



actually learn something, even if the person isn't saying exactly what you want to say. But no, everyone likes to talk. They expect me to listen to them, but they never listen to me. Why? Because my opinions don't count. They don't count because they are slightly unpopular, slightly against the norm.

Maybe it would be better if I just stopped talking all together.

Mesa gon' cut  
an album!

Uh-Huh!  
Yeah!



continued from previous page

fend, you'd better duck. I'd love to give away some of the cracks they pulled at the expense of common sensibility, but I really can't. Just go see the movie. It's worth eight bucks just for the doozy Chris Rock busts out about Jesus in the beginning.

But as I was saying, if I have any criticism of the movie, it would be that it could have been just as good and 15-30 minutes shorter if Kev and Scott Mosier (Kev's producer and partner in crime) had brought in somebody else to help with the editing. When you make a film you have a very personal relationship to every shot, and I think that kind of mentality shows in a few scenes where a couple shots or lines of dialogue could have been trimmed for the sake of the flow of

the picture. On the other hand, I don't know if I would have trusted another editor or an outside producer to allow the movie to be as smart about religion and spirituality as this movie is. I think a lot of people (including myself) fall into the trap of thinking of Kevin Smith as just a foulmouthed college dropout ex-convenience store clerk from Jersey. The man's got smarts, folks. I think this script says a lot of brilliant things about religion and faith that many people have believed all along but can't get past the dogma of church law to really put their faith into. I don't think this movie is about to make the Pope reconsider his infallibility (in fact I think he would shit his pants and have a stroke within the first fifteen minutes if he

saw it), but it might make you consider the metaphysical in a different light.

I suppose that if you're not at all religious, and if you're not willing to sit through explanations of all the silly picayune beliefs of the Catholic church (having been raised in the sensible Lutheran sect of Christianity, I feel free to mock the beliefs of Catholics. I mean, come on, blessed assumption? Who came up with that?), then you might not like this movie. On the other hand, if you are, ever have been, or even know a disgruntled Catholic, you will love this movie. Especially if you like Kevin Smith movies, as all good humans of the earth do. Snooch to the muthafuckin' nooch! Go see *Dogma*.

# Guess Hampshire's Doing Its Job

by Zak Kauffman

I've always thought that I'm a pretty relaxed guy. The kind of guy that didn't worry about the things that didn't matter. In high school, if I had a big test the next day that I wasn't ready for, it didn't stress me out. Who cares? It's just school. And if I ended up failing that test? Once again, who cares? It's just school.

Now that I've gone to college for a semester, I've discovered that I'm really a worrier. I'm the kind of person that lets things that don't matter cause me fear and grief for weeks. I'm the kind of person that stresses over having a 15 page research paper due at the end of the semester, even though that's not for another month and a half. I'm the kind of person that no matter how illogical it is to let a class that I don't even really care about and can easily handle cause me fear and stress, I still do it, no matter how much I'm telling myself it makes no sense to waste my mind worrying.

I was never like this before, so I've been giving some thought as to what's caused this change in me, and what I'm gonna do about it. I'm still not sure what the reason is, but I've got a few ideas.

Not to sound arrogant (even though I'm actually incredibly arrogant) but in high school I had it down. I didn't always get an A, but I rarely got below a B and never

below a C. And I didn't bust my ass for it either. I rarely did more than an hour of work and study after school, took decent but not super thorough notes, and didn't break my mind studying. And most importantly, I almost never stressed about it, because who cares? It's just school.

And I think that's one of the main reasons that I'm now worried about things that I'm embarrassed to tell people are actually causing me worry. I now care. **For one of the first times in my life, I have more than a passing interest in how I do in school.**

I want to do well. I care about what classes I take. I want to find a good Div I project. I actually give a damn what the teacher thinks about my paper. I'm not used to feeling that way and I think my mind is having trouble making the adjustment. Now that my mind knows school is worth caring and spending time thinking about, it no longer wants to do anything else. It wants to think about my China and Human Rights paper every single day for two weeks. It wants to think about how I don't understand a lot of what's said in my Intro to Film Theory course during the Simpsons. It wants to worry about how hard it's

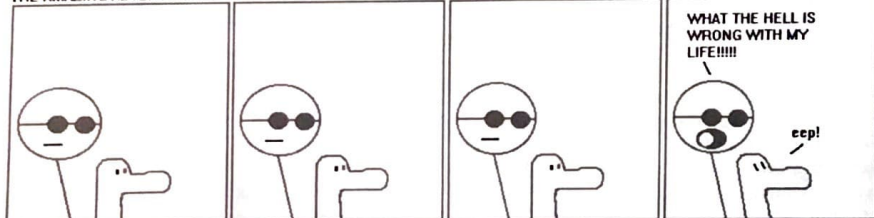
going to be to get into HACU110 NEXT SEMESTER right now. Now that I actually feel that thinking about school is worthwhile, I have trouble thinking about anything else.

Now, that's definitely not the only thing causing me to stress and worry, but I think it's a big one. Aside from that, I'm also living alone for the first time EVER, worrying about connecting to a new (and very weird) group of people (my fellow Hampshirites), going through all kinds of weird shit because my house is being sold and parents are separating, and worrying about the fact that for the first time school work requires I concentrate. All this stuff is swirling around inside me, and the end result is that I'm now a worrier. I'm one of the people I used to make fun of that stress themselves out about idiotic things ('Oh no, I only have ten days to finish these two papers!')

So what am I gonna do about this? Nothing. If some stupid part of me needs to worry, I'm gonna let it worry. I'm just not gonna let it mess up my life. I'm not going to let it keep me from sleeping. Hopefully, after this semester is over I'll realize that it's still just school and not that big a deal, but until that day comes I'm gonna feel scared shitless about silly things, get out of breath, and then go on with my life. Cause really, who cares?

by Jacob Chabot

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY AND McCOY THE DUCK



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# Completely Useless

by Jennifer Gifford

The most bizarre thing that has happened to me, since I arrived at this wonderful place we call Hampshire, is a phone call I received at two am. It took me a few minutes at first to determine that it was the phone that was making that hideous sound, and that I should pick it up in order to get it to be quiet. Once I accomplished that I reasoned that I should say hello, in the hopes that the person on the other end would reveal who he/she was. It took a few minutes, but after I had said hello seven or eight times, the person finally responded "Is Jessie there?" Now, my name is not Jessie. I have plenty of friends named Jessie, but none of them live in my room. So, it being two am, this kind of annoyed me. "No" I replied in my best I-am-half-asleep-and-I-hate-you voice. After a moment of silence, she then asked, "Can you tell me the number of the switchboard?" I couldn't. It was two am. "The operator?" she asked again in an ever more insistent tone. "No." By this time I was considering hanging up. But there was no need. After screaming "You're useless!" at me, she proceeded to hang up the phone violently. I went back to sleep mildly annoyed, but also slightly pleased that I would have something interesting to tell my friends the next day.

But this oddball phone conversation began to irk me. Was I useless? Should I have been able to give this obviously confused girl assistance in the wee hours of the morning? Well, the answer to the second was most definitely no. But the answer to the first...well, I had to think about that.

In truth, I have never really done anything of merit....I grew up as normally as any kid can in the backwards town of Millville....I finished

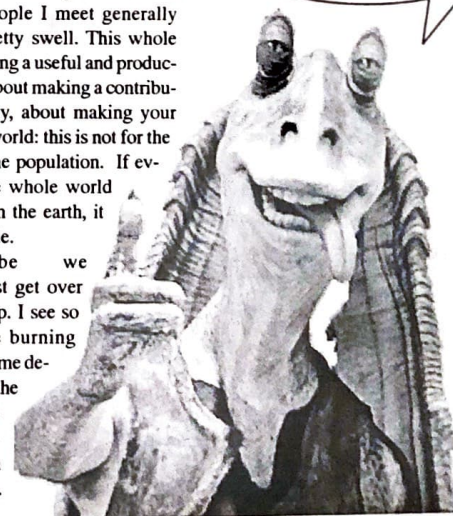
school in the required amount of time, went on to college. I did the kind of community service everyone does in order to make themselves look good to colleges. I donated cans at Christmas time to give to the needy. I was hit by a car once, but, while this is notable, it really didn't make me any more useful of a person. Perhaps my life really has been pretty useless and unremarkable. I live out my days, I eat when I'm hungry, and sometimes when I'm not, I sleep when I'm tired, I get cranky when I have PMS. But I have not, as yet, made any definite mark on humankind. **I haven't saved anyone's life. I haven't even become an activist. And I eat meat.** Yep, I'm pretty useless.

At this point I began to get pretty depressed. But then I thought of something: I'm not any more useless than the next gal. In fact, I might say I've got something over some in that most people I meet generally think I'm pretty swell. This whole deal about being a useful and productive citizen, about making a contribution to society, about making your mark on the world: this is not for the majority of the population. If everyone in the whole world left a mark on the earth, it would implode.

Maybe we should all just get over this power trip. I see so many people burning with this extreme desire to change the world, and feeling defeated when they don't.

There are so many people walking around this crazy mixed up world feeling like the world wouldn't even notice if he or she just disappeared. Well, maybe they wouldn't, but his or her dog sure would. The point being, it's not the huge remarkable buildings that we have named after us that make us useful to society, but maybe the small fuzzy being that loved us because we were nice to it. So maybe it doesn't matter that I haven't won any Nobel prizes, and I haven't saved anyone's life. I tutored my sister once in Algebra, and I haven't killed anyone. So, while I'm not exactly the most useful being that has ever lived, my life has served some purpose. And I've got a cocker spaniel at home who would agree with that most wholeheartedly.

So, how 'bout yousa and mesa gedditownn, baby?!



# Zole's Got Issues



## Section ZOLE



by Michael Zole

**D**ue to a combination of sickness and a general lack of motivation, I will share with you a poem I wrote. I wrote this poem (if you can call it that with a straight face) for a poetry class in high school, essentially because I didn't feel like doing the actual assignment. Thus it is appropriate here. I often recite it from memory to make people think I'm weird; my best time so far is 49 seconds. So content yourselves with this, and next week I promise I'll rant about video games or something.

## Galvanized Sheets

I got galvanized sheets  
& I'm spinning phat beats  
I got candy and Sweet  
Tarts  
Headed straight from the heart  
Cause you know we'll never part  
From this photographic art  
Life is faster than Mario Kart 64  
but we always get bored  
When we're lying on the floor  
Listening to "Torn"  
on the Radio  
Natalie Imbruglia's a fly lady, yo  
I got a big box o' Oreos  
That I take to the rodeo  
and share 'em with the clowns  
but they always bring me down  
So you gotta go to town  
ship  
Going at a decent clip  
Like Cool Ranch tortilla chips  
That taste really good  
Cause I'm chillin' in my hood  
Got a 10 and a half size foot  
To kick your ass

In poetry class  
Reaching critical mass  
With the stained glass Windows 98  
& it carries all the weight  
that's created by our hate  
When we're joining the debate team  
Drinking coffee with no cream  
And we know that happiness comes from great  
cheese

We take a picture of the thrill  
And we fire it in a kiln  
And we get free double prints  
But they're small, like Prince  
Cause I'm dropping mad hints  
about the state of the union  
My philosophy's Jungian  
So don't go ruinin' it  
Cook yourself some instant grits  
Listen but don't nitpick  
To Ed's guitar pick  
As the children say, "Trick  
or treat"  
and they lay down the beat  
But they try not to sleep  
on Galvanized sheets.



Suck my dick,  
asshole! Byesy-bo!